

IN B FLAT

IN A FLAT

IN C

# IN OLD MADRID

SONG

Words by Clifton Bingham

MUSIC BY

H. Trotère.

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# "IN OLD MADRID"

Written by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Composed by H. TROTÈRE.

Tempo di Bolero.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *f*, *ff*, and *p*. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part enters with the lyrics: "Long years a - go, in old Mad - rid, Where soft - ly sighs of love the light gui - tar, . . . . Two sparkling eyes a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own star! There". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, supporting the vocal melody.

Long years a - go, in old Mad - rid, Where soft - ly  
sighs of love the light gui - tar, . . . . Two sparkling eyes a lat - tice  
hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own star! There



on the casement ledge when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was lightly laid; A

face look'd out, as from the ri - ver shore, There stole a ten - der se - re -

*rall:*

*colla voce.*

- nade! . . . . . Rang the lo - ver's hap - py song Light and low from

*a tempo.*

shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -

- tween them ev - er - more . . . . .

*f*

*rall:*



*Con tenerezza.*

Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing,

*a tempo.*

Love is sigh - ing, Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing,

Here a - lone I wait for thee!

*rall: p a tempo. ff*

Far, far a - way from old Mad -

*p*



- rid, Her lov - er fell, long years a - go, for Spain; . . . A con - vent

veil those sweet eyes hid; And all the vows that love had sigh'd were

vain! But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her

white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The faint sweet e - cho of that

*rall:* se - re - nade, Floats weirdly o'er the mis - ty tide! . . . . . *a tempo.*

*colla voce.* *a tempo.*



Still she lists her lov\_er's song, Still he sings up\_on the shore, Though

flows a stream than all more strong Between them ev\_er - more! . . . . .

*Con tenerezza.*

... Come, my love, the stars are shi\_ning,

*rall:* *a tempo.*

Time is fly\_ing, Love is sigh\_ing, Come, for thee a heart is pin\_ing,